

And I carry you with me,

And I carry you with me,
along the streets of this madness,
in these hills of red poppies,
where even the sun lingers, breaks,
fleeting rays between the corollas.

And I carry you with me,
along paths of twigs and brambles,
in these valleys of blueberries and violets
between the meteors of these crazy days,
where even the wind became quiet and then silent.

And I carry you with me,
in these arms of a helpless castaway,
where your memories don't make you die,
where even the time stops for a dream,
and these tears don't have the taste of salt.

